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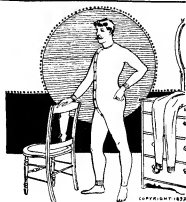
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QUEEN'S UNIVERSITY JOURNAL

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dressed to the Business Manager.

THE Grant-Lucas debate, occurring, as it did,
too late for any notice in our late issue, calls
for some reference, though it be rather out of
date in the present. An event which called for
such attention from the whole country can surely
not be overlooked by the JOURNAL of the Uni-
versity whose principal was one of the participants.

The result, generally, was a feeling of disappoint-
ment. It was expected that a man who ventured
to challenge Dr. Grant would have facts and figures
at command, and some small degree of logic to
meet and refute the arguments of his opponent.
Very few who knew anything of the Principal's
power in debate ever doubted his success, but all
hoped that he might find at least a foeman worthy
of his steel. Mr. Lucas may be a good-hearted,
earnest worker in the cause of prohibition, but his
utter lack of logical scientific method in presenting
his views made the whole affair unsatisfactory and
disappointing, to Dr. Grant, as well as to others.

Any one who is an advocate of prohibition—and
there are many such within our college halls, despite
the uncalled-for view of the *Witness*, that we follow
Dr. Grant as a flock of sheep—would gladly have
seen the opponents more fairly matched. And
any one who held Dr. Grant's view as sincerely as

he does would gladly have seen as his opponent
one who could have brought forward at least the
strongest arguments for prohibition, that they might
be refuted or stand unshaken.

We do not believe that prohibition was defended
in any sense, as it might have been. And on the
other hand the influence upon the country at large
will not be anything like so great had both sides of
the question been presented with equal cogency.
One effect it certainly will have, that Dr. Grant will
not be so willing to turn aside from his busy life as
a university professor to meet in combat every calf
that bawls.

The conduct of the audience merited the praise
Mr. Lucas bestowed. A few foul-mouthed indi-
viduals will always be found in a large gathering of
this kind. Good order, however, was kept through-
out the debate. The only disturbance was due to
the lack of courtesy and good sense on the part of
Mr. Lucas, when he used the expression, "Dr.
Grant is unfit to be President of Queen's Univer-
sity." It is surely little wonder that an uproar fol-
lowed for a few minutes. British fair play is al-
ways desirable, and it will always be given by
Queen's men to one who has a sense of British
honor and common politeness.

* * *

James Ross has won us afresh. The broad sym-
pathy of the man, the throbbing heart of the Chris-
tian pastor, the persuasive power of the preacher,
remain with the professor whom Queen's is proud
to have contributed to Montreal. We are sure his
words have stirred up the missionary spirit within
us. While we are impressed with the nobility of
true missionary effort and feel the great national
importance of our home mission work, let us not
shut our eyes to the need of everyday missionary
spirit among ourselves. We need something more
than organized work for next summer's operations.
We need this winter a bigger sympathy with our
fellow-students, a sympathy that will aim at tran-
scending petty cliques, and will seek to establish
friendship among all sorts and conditions of men.

Some of us may think we are morally strong,
while feeling that we are weak socially. "Let him

that thinketh he standeth take heed lest he fall." If "he who hath contempt for any living thing hath faculties which he hath never used," do we not find remnants of the infancy of thought within us if our final judgment of some of our fellows is that we have "no use for such men." There is one who bids us despair of no man, and it is He who keeps us from despairing of ourselves. "For if ye love them that love you, what reward have ye? * * And if ye salute your brethren only, what do ye more than others?" If we associate only with those who by nature, training and environment are very much like ourselves, we are certainly losing opportunities of broadening our sympathies and increasing our missionary power. Fellows who instinctively dislike one another could give one another pointers. If we really knew those fellows whom we think too professedly good or too professedly sporty, we would often find our opposites capable of deeds of kindness that we wot not of, for "God fulfils himself in many ways." We rejoice in the catholicity of our Alma Mater. Let us beware of "the leaven of the Pharisees and of the Sadducees." "Whereunto we have already attained, let us walk by the same rule," and let us never forget that "to bear one another's burdens is to fulfil the law of Christ."

Charles Kingsley, for example, was a real sport, a good writer, a Christian minister, a true home missionary. From such men we can learn of a synthesis, which is not a mere syncretism.

* * *

The executive of the Ontario Hockey Association is attracting considerable attention by its vigorous efforts to keep the game free from professionalism. Lovers of amateur sport are delighted to see an executive committee with a strong enough sense of duty to make them undertake the difficult and distasteful task of investigating every rumour which excites suspicion. The clubs which have felt the knife strongly denounce the executive as partizan, but they will find it hard to convince the public that sportsmen with the records of those who compose the O.H.A. executive are gathering evidence from all over the province, and sifting it with the most careful deliberation for their own amusement or the interest of particular teams. In fact most of the letters which have appeared in the papers in defence of the suspended teams have amply justified the action of the committee. That the mayor of a city should publicly express his opinion that the giving of ten dollars apiece to the players of a team "to purchase souvenirs" was quite consistent with their amateur standing shows that public opinion has either no clear view of the difference between amateur and professional, or no interest in their

separation. If hockey is to be kept an amateur game it must be by the vigilance and firmness of the officers of the association. It is a matter for congratulation that the officers are this year doing their duty so fearlessly, and it is manifestly the duty of every lover of sport to strengthen their hands.

* * *

Quite a number of the students have taken advantage of the provisions of the Registration Act, conferring on them the privilege of manhood suffrage. Some who are qualified to register and vote here have from their apathy not taken the trouble to do so. This may be because they were not strongly enough urged by others of their party who were more energetic. But it ought to be considered as a high privilege by every student to be allowed a vote, and to the extent of that vote an influence in the government of his country. He should consider it a duty to cast his vote upon an intelligent consideration of the issues at stake. It may be taken for granted that every Tom, Dick and Harry that has a vote will be rushed to the polls by the party heelers. What can off-set this except the votes of the intelligent electors? It is not too much to say that no one has a right to criticize the political morality of the country who does not use the power he has through the ballot of striking a blow for reform.

Contributions and Addresses.

HORACE AND PERSIUS.

COMPARISONS, like many useful things, are liable to be odious. Antithesis, though a delightful, is a dangerous avenue to Truth, but does lead there notwithstanding if we go carefully. So hearing in mind that you can never be so successful in comparing men as things less complicated, and that poets are apt to be more complicated in their structure than the rank and file of us, we may set to work, and if we do it delicately we may get some good from comparing Horace and Persius.

To begin, it need hardly be said that both are men in the virile sense of the word and both are poets. Mommsen, it is true, pronounces Persius "the true ideal of a conceited and languid, poetry-smitten boy," but then Cicero was "a journalist in the worst sense of the term." Boys of genius are not unfrequently poetry-smitten, and it is a good thing they are, for the world could ill spare such people as Keats, Tennyson and Browning, who were all pretty badly smitten as boys, or even the poet of my own city, who made himself a name for ever and died at seventeen—Thomas Chatterton. Languid Persius was not, if his poems go for any-

thing, for never was such work done by the langnid; and I don't think he was conceited, and if he was, after all he was young and gifted and died before the conceit could wear off. The intensity and earnestness of Persius' work stamps him Man emphatically.

Andrew Lang in his amusing Letters to Dead Authors, begins one to Mr. Alexander Pope:

From mortal gratitude decide, my Pope,
Have minds immortal more to fear or hope?

A profound question. Horace for one has suffered at the hands of his admirers. His odes are so exquisite, his humour so playful, and his touch so vivid, that most readers have made Horace the passionate lover of every Lyde or Lydia he put in his pages. At this rate what a Mormon was Tennyson! Or again if he dare write odes about Bacchus, we shake our heads and think what a pity it was there was no Prohibition in Rome. Yet if Horace, when speaking in his true character, says anything it is that he loves moderation. *Aurea mediocritas* is his mistress more than any Lyde of the lot. We miss, in the inebriate lover of Lydia we have sketched, the soldier who fought for Brutus and never forgot the fact though pardoned by the powers that were, and the man who could tell the Emperor he would not devote himself to poetic panegyric, though his Muse loyally supported every act of the Emperor for the glory and good of his country. Let this then be our postulate that our two poets were both men and real men.

Now taking up their works, the first thing that impresses us is the difference of style. Here a difficulty meets us. We have lost Lucilius, who influenced both, and while Persius as the younger man and the less experienced might be more influenced than Horace by him, we are in the dark to some extent. Quintilian tells us that the style of Horace was terser and purer than Lucilius,—in other words Horace was more emancipate from his master than Persius. This is exactly the point. Horace in spite of and because of all the influences that shaped him developed a style of his own, which contemporaries imitated in vain, while posterity more modestly contents itself with pronouncing it inimitable. Petronius' phrase *curiosa felicitas* and Quintilian's *verbis felicissime audax* describe the style exactly. It is inspiration the child of care and courage. Every one is struck by his success in what he calls the *callida junctura*—the happy wedlock of incompatibles—e.g., *splendide mendax*. It is hardly so much as Virgil's gift

"out of three sounds to frame, not a fourth sound, but a star,"

but we cannot all be magicians. In short, no read-

er of Horace but is struck with the *gratia* and *jucunditas* that impressed Quintilian.

Now Persius is accused by Professor Munro of "hardness and thinness and forced wit," and by Mr. Postgate of being "a conscious pedant," while Mr. Heitland imputes to him "crabbed phrases." To the last I would recommend my client to plead guilty at once. His language is crabbed and stiff—very awkward indeed at times, but no one who has read him with any degree of sympathy could call him a conscious pedant. That is an essentially external view. His style distinctly lacks the pliability of Horace. He weds the incompatible, but they are not always happy—they are too often like the husbands and wives of Ibsen's plays, and the reader would give anything to see them separated. But after all awkwardness is not one of the seven deadly sins, and it is hardly fair to compare Persius at twenty-seven with Horace at fifty-seven. Horace deliberately destroyed, we are told, a good deal of his early work, and I dare to say might have destroyed more with advantage. Mountainous phraseology is never an addition to a poet's charm, but it is only the lazy who refuse Browning because as he said his poetry is not as easy as cigarette smoking.

When we come to "forced wit" I think we must admit that Persius does joke with difficulty now and then, and that while Horace's early sallies are not invariably great, Horace is a man of humour. I do not expect he was in company quite the fellow of infinite jest, of most excellent fancy that Catullus was, though I cannot conceive of his being dull. But his is the humour of reflection, native wit well digested. He has a genial gift of laughter, and an eye for the incongruous. What really great man has not?

All things are big with jest: nothing that's plain.

But may be witty, if thou hast the vein.

This happy sense of contrast and a pretty touch in construction mark Horace's work. His fun is generally delicate, for he had this true sign of genius about him, that with age his wit grew progressively purer. He can pass easily and without a jar from grave to gay and back again. What is more, he can laugh at himself, and we laugh with him, without his losing self-respect or our losing a jot of our respect for him. How happy is his playful insistence on his divine character as an inspired and heaven-protected bard, whom wolves flee, whom snakes respect, and with whom birds play at Babes in the Wood. Yet this Babe of the Wood went soldiering, a very Phoenix among the dull fowls of Brutus and his solemnities, unless perhaps he was solemn too, for he was still a student, and nothing is so solemn about itself as an undergraduate. Anyhow he was "no match for the thews of Cæsar

Augustus," and left his shield behind him "without much glory." It is not every man who could joke about such a story, yet Horace does, and Augustus was not offended. Liveliness, sprightliness and a nimble fancy characterize all his work, while as we saw Persius jests less naturally, though not devoid of humour either. Contrast Persius' claim not to be a bard with Horace's claim that he was, and how much more amusing is the latter. But the Roman world was losing the art of laughter. The hysterical laugh of Juvenal and the godless chuckle of Lucian are not very pleasing.

We now come to the content of their work, and as we should expect we find more divergence. Horace, a freedman's son (as he frankly owns), bred in Rome and Athens, a volunteer for the Old Regime, who had to hop with clipped pinions like the rest of the volunteers after Philippi (*decisis humilis pennis*), who had hard days till he made his way upward by his merits, good sense and good temper, had seen far more than Persius. *Mores hominum multorum vidi et urbes*, and he writes more naturally of what he has seen and known, while Persius draws his knowledge of the world from others, and knowing it only at second-hand cannot write so naturally. In a longer and a fuller life, Horace must have had a wider range. But furthermore, Horace was born two years before Cicero's consulship, and had seen the old order; he had seen Julius rise and die, the varying fortunes of the "Liberators" and of Antony, and the rise, the triumph, and the establishment of Augustus. It was a wider world in which he had lived, over and above his living a wider life. So there is more breadth and more accessibility in his mind, and his singing has a wider compass. He has more notes, and therefore more possibilities of variation. I do not say there is more truth, more faithfulness to experience in his writing than in Persius, but that he has had more opportunity. Where he knew his ground, Persius is as surefooted as Horace. But as happens with men who deal with books his mental processes are obscure because rapid, and it is hard sometimes to see the connection between a thought and what follows it. His limited experience and limited humour produce in the reader a feeling of abruptness and effort, as if he were trying to be Horace without quite achieving it. In fact he pleases us most not when he tries to be somebody else, whether Horace or Lucilius, but when he is himself. As a general law we are better pleased with the true rather than the imitative note.

I pass to another aspect of the question. The critic is bound to be a moralist more or less. He who condemns my way is bound to show me what he thinks a more excellent way—must whether

he will or no. So the satirist is inevitably a preacher. Some men will preach when they are young, and the habit wears off. With others it grows with age, as it did with Horace. The early Empire was an age of preaching. The old walks of life were closed, the old interests gone, and the old order had changed, and men's hearts were failing them for fear. They turned from without to within to find, if they could, something durable and permanently valuable. It was an age of philosophy, an age of sadness and uneasiness. There were those who stayed themselves in ritual—in the rites of the Egyptian, the Phrygian or the Jew. But the lettered turned to philosophy. Lucretius had preached with a Wesleyan fervour a divine non-entity and a world of chance and emptiness. Virgil and Horace had listened. And Virgil, as many a passage shows, had caught his great accents. Nor was Horace unaffected. As age came on, each began to turn from the phenomenal to the real, and each would renounce mere literature for philosophy. Virgil was meaning to finish his *Æneid*, and then permanently devote himself to the philosophers. Horace actually did drop ode-making for reading, and his epistles show again and again the reality of the change. Throughout he had preached (so far as he could preach) contentment, moderation, self-mastery. Now he is more explicit than ever. Life is real, life is earnest, and Lyde and Lydia have gone where Claribel low-lying and rate pale Margaret went—have gone so entirely, leaving not a wrack behind, that if his public had had anything of his humour they could never have supposed Horace to be a very thoroughgoing libertine. For this is not the zeal of the convert, it is merely the development and restatement of what he has sung in his odes.

And yet with all this earnestness on Horace's part, one has the feeling it is more the passion of quest than of attainment. Here it is a contrast with Persius. Persius has the certainty of conviction. He has no doubt but that he has the knowledge which can make men happy and keep them so. Perhaps this again is a mark of youth. There is no sadness about him, he is confident and happy in his youth and his knowledge. It may astonish some to have it suggested that the dominant impression Horace gives is melancholy. But note the frequency with which Death and Fate and Necessity recur in his writings, and the repetition of the advice *nil admirari* (no strong emotion). Lucretius' panacea for human ills was no hereafter and no divine. Horace's is rather right attitude, but as right attitude is hard to attain, and even those who get nearest it like Horace himself are least satisfied by it, this view of life is bound to lead to sadness,

What was Horace's philosophic position? He tells us he was "a pig of Epicurus' herd," and an admirer of Aristippus the philosopher of sensations, and he shows he was interested in Stoicism, despite his fondness for laughing at Stoic paradoxes. He was by no means a thoroughgoing Stoic, and he certainly was not an Epicurean in the grosser sense of the term and hardly in the finer. *Nullius addictus jurare in verba magistri* is his best description. The systems approached each other in inculcating a ruled life. Epicurus was a garden lover and a panegyrist of friendship and so was Horace. His love of his Sabine place and his affection for Mæcenas are his mainsprings. But Horace goes further. The Epicurean withdrew from civil life and stood aside. The volunteer of 42 might have been forgiven for standing aside, but he did not. He does not seem to have had a personal enthusiasm for Augustus, but he is enthusiastic (breaking the Epicurean rule he preaches) for the moral reformation and the restoration of Rome's imperial greatness for which Augustus worked. No man essentially Epicurean could be a patriot, and Horace was a patriot. This incidentally offers a contrast with Persius, for in Persius' day patriotism was a needless and impossible sentiment. Sellar very aptly attributes to Horace a vein of natural inherited Stoicism, corrective of his Epicurean fancies and tendencies. A Puritan descent and upbringing are ineradicable.

In another point the two schools agreed in disagreeing. The one set God outside the universe, the other confused Him with it. Consequently in neither case was He at all accessible. If the world is running itself, as the Stoic said, or dependent on chance as the Epicurean preferred, it lacked personal management. At a time like the age of Horace the lack was bound to be felt, and felt very painfully. The world was off the old tracks and no one felt sure about there being any others. What was to befall the world then? Now even the thoroughgoing Stoic who substituted duty for God, and inculcated right conduct and right thought without reference to any hereafter or anything without, is unhappy enough, as we can see from the diary of Marcus Aurelius. One needed to be very young to be satisfied with this, as Persius was. But Horace had seen more, and was an older man, and could not believe in the sufficiency of man for himself as the younger poet did. He knew from experience how frail is the will, and how wretched a life can be from the failure of the will to secure the level of attainment at which it aims; how easy it is to aim at ideals beyond one's strength, and how sad to learn that they are so.

*Si quaerel quid agam, dic multa et pulchra minime
vivere me recte nec suavis . . . quia . . .
quas nonne sequar, fugiam quos profore cretam.*

Epp. i. 8.

Is not this a note of despair, and has it not the ring of truth? And yet withal he is merry, he is cheerful, he is lively. He has endless good humour. He can joke light-heartedly, lecture his friends or himself as may be, and not forget a flourish of fun at the end of his discourse. It is a superficial view of humour, which finds it inconsistent with gravity. Your punster and your bus driver only see the outside of things. The humourist who goes within is at once graver and more amusing. The most serious character Shakespeare drew spends half his time in excellent fooling. Nobody could accuse Hamlet of a lack of seriousness, and yet how naturally and spontaneously comes the humour with which he cloaks his sadness from those he suspects. It is the dull men who are solemn all the time.

All at once, large-looming from his wave,
Out leaned, chin hand-propped, pensive on the ledge,
A sea-worn face, sad as mortality,
Divine with yearning after fellowship. * * *

Ah, but there followed tail-splash, frisk of fin!

So Horace is merry and grave by turns, and, a thing which staggers the solemn people, he is both at once.

*Quamquam videntem dicere verum
quid retat?* Satt. i. i. 24.

Both moods are equally natural, and in both his art shows to equal advantage.

Persius has less fun, less spirits, less experience, and is not an occasional but a confirmed Stoic. Like the Stoics he took a bee-line and stuck to it. A limited range offered less temptation to be eclectic, and the man of one idea (whatever the value of the one idea) gets more credit for consistency than perhaps he deserves.

I have dealt only with a few of the more obvious points of likeness and difference, and it may be thought that I have made too much of my antitheses, but at any rate I began with a warning against the dangers of the method. In places—perhaps throughout—the reader may feel compelled to revise my verdict of one or the other poet. For one point only I will make a stand, that first of all he read both of them sympathetically, with full allowance for the age and the career of each. Then I feel he cannot fail to find with me that respect grows with knowledge in both cases.

RECENT FICTION.

A few years ago, when Gilbert Parker was giving the students of Divinity Hall and some half dozen enthusiasts in Arts lessons in elocution, no one could

have forecast that his name would so soon be familiar in every part of the Empire. But so it is; and having gained renown in Australia, in England and in the United States, Canadians are beginning to give his work their serious consideration. The splendidly bound Canadian edition of his novels, with the Maple Leaf designs on the cover, that the Copp, Clark Co., of Toronto, are issuing, is the best tribute that has yet been paid to any Canadian writer.

Several years ago I read "When Valmond came to Pontiac"—read it hurriedly, as one is apt to read a paper-covered novel—and was not impressed with it; indeed, thought it light, trivial, commonplace, impossible; but the excellent form in which it is now published tempted me to read it again, and I find it necessary to correct my impressions.

It is a book splendidly finished, with perhaps greater literary care than he has displayed in any other of his stories, not even excepting "The Seats of the Mighty." In his early days Gilbert Parker courted the poetic muse, and, though he no longer puts his thought in verse form, he has not deserted his early love. Valmond reads at times like a poem, and here and there the lyrical cry of the true poet gives the words a rhythm as measured as the most carefully wrought poem. The characters, too, are fanciful creatures, glowing with the sunlight of the poet's mind. Valmond, Parpon, Sergeant Lagroin are all strikingly unreal, yet strikingly entertaining; into them the poet has breathed an imaginative existence; the flowers of his fancy fall about them as they move on their way.

With what consummate skill, too, he has created the story! All through this history of Valmond Napoleon we question ourselves, was he "Prince or Barber?" and the answer is as difficult as it was to the question concerning Stockton's book, "The Lady or The Tiger." When for a moment it seems settled that he was a valet the mind revolts against the conclusion, and we breathe a sigh of relief when in the end he is rehabilitated as a prince.

* * * * *

America has no more entertaining writer than Frank R. Stockton. His stories attract, his wit sparkles, and his keen sense of humour pervades every page. His latest novel, "The Great Stone of Sardis," shows no diminution in his powers, although it at times seems to be a somewhat hurried performance.

If it were a serious book it would be altogether too daring, but being humorous it is easy to accept the transcendent genius of Roland Clewe, scientist, and his discoveries of the North Pole and the centre of the earth. But we have a feeling that

Mr. Stockton is not a wise book-maker, Marion Crawford, for example, would have made two fat novels out of the same material and left room for several others to grow out of these. Indeed it would have been better art had the writer dealt with the discovery of the Pole in one book, and his astonishing Artesian Ray in another. These two things are in no way connected with each other, and the only connecting link between them is the name Roland Clewe. The Artesian Ray story has no doubt been suggested by the X ray studies, and will not be found to have the interest that clusters about the voyagers after the Pole. It lacks a Sarah Black, and without Sarah and Sammy the book would be like Martin Chuzzlewit with the immortal Sairey Gamp left out. In this part of "The Great Stone, too, a serious interest will be found. How useless after all was the discovery of the North Pole. What could Sammy do with it when he did find it? As he stood in the ring on the deck which he made over it with his fur cap in one hand and the American flag in the other, he "did not speak for a few moments, but turned slowly round as if desirous of availing himself of the hitherto unknown privilege of looking southward in every direction." That was all. He put a huoy on it, it is true, and left it there, so that future explorers might know where it was.

Anyone who has read the saga of that modern Viking, Nansen, must have felt as he perused the thrilling pages of "Farthest North," that all of that expenditure of money, of daring, of energy, was futile, that even if he had reached the Pole humanity would be no better for his labors, that about all we could say of his discovery would be, one man has had the "hitherto unknown privilege of looking southward in every direction."

A short time ago one of the American magazines discussed the question whether or not Frank Stockton was a humorist. "The Great Stone of Sardis" proves him both a wit and a humorist without a peer among the present-day writers of America.

* * * * *

Russia has long been a hunting-ground for romances. One of the latest and ablest workers in this field is Mr. Fred. Whishaw, whose last book, "A Tsar's Gratitude," is being favorably reviewed. It deals, of course, with the Tsar and the Nihilists, and has some very strong situations. The opening chapters, dealing with the eventful 5th of November at Inkerman, are particularly good. But when Mr. Whishaw leaves the "moving accidents by flood and field" he shows a distinct falling off in power. He lacks the epic pen that is needed to deal dramatically with men and women in the high places of society, and as a result his men of the Russian

court talk and act like somewhat vulgar middle-class Englishmen.

The flooding of the Neva is admirably told, but unfortunately Maurus Jokai has handled this same theme in "The Green Book," and with the magic of the vivid pen of the great Hungarian laureate before one, even the good and thrilling work of an ordinary writer becomes colorless and commonplace.

T. G. M.

"How Valmond came to Pontiac." By Gilbert Parker. Toronto: The Copp, Clark Co., Ltd.

"The Great Stone of Sardis." By F. R. Stockton. Toronto: The Copp, Clark Co., Ltd.

"A Tsar's Gratitude." By Fred. J. Whishaw. London: Longmans, Green & Co. Toronto: The Copp, Clark Co., Ltd.

"Over the Hills." By Mary Findlater. London: Methuen & Co. Toronto: The Copp, Clark Co., Limited.

AUNTIE—A CHARACTER SKETCH.

It is Sabbath morning in the backwoods. An old woman of medium height, somewhat bent with the weight of years, and simply attired in a plain brown dress, calico sunbonnet, and brown shawl of the richest of stuff, brought many years ago from Scotland, stands by the roadside in front of her log cabin eagerly looking westward. She holds in her hand a bible, the gift of some kind friend, neatly tied up in a white handkerchief. She is watching for the "meenister," with whom she expects to get a ride to the church, a distance of three miles. Many a time she has walked and would this morning, but the man who occupies the pulpit, for whom she will always have the greatest respect because of his office, if she can find no better reason, has promised to give her a ride every Sabbath morning.

Such was Auntie as I saw her, when, as student missionary in that district, I used with team and buckboard to approach her home on the way to my morning appointment at S———. As soon as I was within hailing distance she always shouted, "guid mornin'." And I wish I could give expression to the fine emphatic burr with which she spoke that syllable "morn'." It would be worth preserving by means of the gramophone. Long years of hard pioneering life had left deep furrows in her face. She had large, sympathetic brown eyes, with an ugly sore generally covered with a plaster beneath the left one, while in her countenance there was an expression not of depth, but of sincere good-will, kindness and unbounded gladness at meeting one. She would firmly grip my hand, and long and vigorously shake it in a horizontal direction, and never vertically, as people usually do. Then she would climb into the rig.

But just here let us say something of her history. She was born and brought up in the large and progressive parish of M—— in Roxboroughshire, Scotland, and afterwards lived nine years in Edinburgh. From her earliest days the church and its ministers had occupied a large place in Auntie's life, and she was privileged to listen to such men as Chalmers, Guthrie, Duff, McCheyne and the Bonars. Thirty years ago she came to this country, meeting her husband, who had preceded her, in Halifax, and they immediately went to the backwoods of Ontario, drawn thither by the promise of free grant land. There, at the age of seventy-six, she is now spending her declining years. Her Canadian life has been a very lonesome one. She has never been more than probably six or eight miles from her home since they settled, never having seen even a village. But she is well and favorably known far and wide throughout that section of country. It were hardly possible for a traveller to approach her home and not hear of her from the people long before he reached it. And should anyone pass that way and not come in, she would consider it grievous indeed. The visitor, too, sees and hears some things, the relating of which will afterwards interest many a company of his companions. We cannot take time to tell of the old albums, which give evidence of having been turned over many a time during the lonely hours of the past, the stories connected with the originals of those quaint old pictures, and the gifts of which she tells, evidencing the marvellously unaccountable kindness of "a body" to her. Visitors formerly, as Auntie says, "hed ther dinner in oor hoose," but few care now to stay for a meal. Their farm is very poor, and they have with difficulty made a living, but they have always been ready to give their best to the stranger. But Auntie was generous, not alone in her hospitality; she would give the last thing she had to any one who needed it or had done something for the church or for herself. She had brought many valuable articles with her from Scotland, the gifts of friends there, and throughout that and the neighboring community it was not an uncommon thing to find a heavy silver spoon or some other such article among the commonest of metal ware, the gift of Auntie at some time for some fancied kindness. A young man who had taken an interest in getting the church seated was given a very valuable ring, the last that she had. Yet she could not bear to cause anyone trouble. Their old log house, which had once been one of the best in the community, was now sadly in need of repair. Kind friends had time and again offered to restore it, but Auntie and Uncle Sandy would not listen to their proffers. "It's guid

enuech for auld folk like us. It'll last as lang as we live, and we wudna like tae be that muckle tribble tae a' the folk wha hae been sae kind tae us," she once said to me. Many people believed the sore on her face a cancer, but she was uncomplaining and very reticent to speak of it. Every arrangement had once been made to take her to the nearest town for medical treatment, a few gentlemen volunteering all expense, but Auntie would not go. "A wudna be that muckle tribble tae ma freends. A' canna live lang th' noo anywa, an' a'm feared they dochters wud hert me," was Auntie's reply to their urgent requests.

I, of course, when I first became acquainted with Auntie, called her Mrs. R——. But she soon said to me: "Nabody ca's me Mrs. R——. A'boddy ca's me Auntie."

As soon as she was into the rig, I always enquired after her health, and invariably received the answer, "A'm juist ma ordinar' ". If she were further questioned as to her habitual state of health, she would say: "Oh weel, an auld body like me canna expect tae be as weel as a bairn. A' hae' ma pains an' aches, but a'm weel enuech for an auld body." She had a very strong and undisguised admiration for her husband, as will appear in the progress of the narrative, and to ask regarding herself would always cause her to speak of him. "Sandy hes tae work hard an' he's gettin' o'er auld tae work sae hard. He's away lang syne, but he's no feelin' vera weel th' day." Then she would immediately tell what strangers, if any, had arrived in the community during the week, saying: "A' gaed awa' up tae see him an' axed him oot tae th' church. A'm expect'in' him oot th' day. Ye mann veesit him." She was always especially pleased when the immigrant or visitor happened to be a Presbyterian, and would then add, "for ye ken he's one o' oor ain folk, a Presbyterian." If he happened to be otherwise, she would say, "He's a Meethodist body," concluding with the remark, "but guid enuech for a' that," as if that were something not always to be expected.

There was no room in Auntie for anything like ill-will or backbiting. One could tell when she disliked anyone by the way in which she left him alone. In fact, there was only one thing that would make her speak reprehensively of a person, and that was to hear him find fault with her neighbors, the S—— folk. The Presbytery, being unable to secure a regular worker, had for a few weeks during the previous winter sent into that section an evangelist whose vocabulary was especially rich in vigorous descriptives. His attacks upon the people for their use of tobacco would sometimes recur to Auntie's mind, and in a mild, protesting way she

would speak of them. "I' ivery sermon except ane he spak' against th' 'bacca, and 'i that ane he talked a' th' time aboot whnskey." And very emphatically, "A'd rather do wi'oot ma bre'd as hae Sandy do wi'oot his 'bacca."

But her talk always ultimately drifted to her church life in Scotland. How eloquent she would grow over the preaching of those divines, long since passed away. Now she was talking vigorously of how the great Duff made his grand appeal for Indian missions, how she, at that time a Sabbath-school teacher, was appointed to collect, and everybody, even servant girls, gave so much. Then, without the slightest notice of change of subject, she was telling of the time when McCheyne visited the south of Scotland, and so many of her careless young friends were converted. Again she was in Edinburgh and Guthrie was speaking. Then it was her own parish minister, Mr. M——, or some other Free Church divine, for Auntie was strongly attached to the Free Church. She would say no evil of the auld Kirk, but she would tell of the many sacrifices of the Frees. How it would please her when I, who had read something of these great men, and was anxious to learn more, would question her regarding them! As she grew eloquent she would lean far forward, seize my knee, nudge me with her shoulder, and then, when it was all over; "A sic a grand time as we hae had the day talkin' o' they meenisters. I aye like to talk o' they meenisters." I ventured one day to remark that she seemed very much devoted to the Free Church. And she replied, "Aye, a'm a bigoted body, but Sandy's no bigoted. Sandy's a U. P., but the U. P.'s an' Frees are juist aboot ane the noo."—She would have no difference between her and Sandy—"Sandy's no bigoted." In fact, to hear Auntie talk one would fancy that she was possessed of every fault in the calendar, while Sandy was absolutely free from any.

Passing over her salutations to all the people at the church, her welcome to the stranger and unfaithful attendant, her careful enquiries after the absent, let us see her again as she starts for home. After a last, long handshake and all the people have gone, she gets into the rig again. She is in great glee to-day, for many people have been out to the service. Before we start she shouts to Sandy, who has remained to close the church, "Will ye no hae a ride, there's room abint us." But Sandy refuses, as afterwards do the others whom we overtake. Then she says, as we drive on, "Aye, but a'm a forrit body, hut Sandy's no forrit. Sandy 'll no speak for himsel'. But these are Jecms Ogilvie's horses, an' Jecms Ogilvie is ma freend." "The church was fu' th' day, an' a'm aye pleased

when there's a church fu' at S——". Her head was raised higher than usual, and her face was gloriously lighted up. She was rejoicing in seeing the wish of her heart realized. A moment's silence, and again she spoke. "There's two churches that I like mair as a' the ither churches i' th' world." What are those two, Auntie? "M—— and S——," and there was a far away look in her eyes. She had before told me of M——, the church of her childhood and youth, having on the communion roll about 700 members. I thought of what M—— must be, and of the great churches which she had attended in Edinburgh, and I compared them to the small, unpainted, unornamented, rough, pine-board building, which was known as the S—— church, and I said, "What makes you so like those particular two, Auntie?" "Weel, A' hae gaun tae they anes mair as a' th' ither." Then I remembered how she told me of the church-going of her childhood, how as a young woman she "can' oot" with her people from the auld kirk, and vivid were her descriptions of the scenes of those times. Long will her picture of the first Sabbath that the Free Church was in existence remain in my memory. She told me of how over 700 people walked down the road together on that eventful Sabbath morning, "na ane o' us saying to anither 'Whar ar' ye gaen?' till we cam' tae th' partin' o' th' ways, th' ane way leadin' tae the richt tae th' auld kirk, whar' we hed gaun a' oor days, an' whar' a new meenister wud preach, an' the ither tae the left tae an auld shed whar' oor ain auld meenister wud spak'." And with what enthusiasm did she tell me time and again: "Ivery ane o' us wi'oot ane o' us saying a wurd tae anither gaed tae th' left up tae th' auld shed to hear oor ain auld meenister. Aye, hoo his ees gleestened when he saw us a' caim in." "An' sic a sermon as we got that day." And she would toss her head, sigh and look far away. "There wasna a dry ee i' th' church." What efforts, too, she used to have to make to get off early enough on the long walk to the evening meeting during the week! And was it not here that she received her "ques-ti-ons" and partook of her first communion. I readily saw why M—— was so dear to her, but why S——? Bit by bit I had gotten her Canadian history from herself and the neighborhood, and it was the history of the S—— church. When she first came to this country there was no church at S——, and she complained in a letter to her cousin, who wrote in reply: "Hae ye no yer bible?" And Auntie ever after felt ashamed of her weakness. Sandy at first used to read a sermon "ra a sermon-book ye ken" in the house of Mr. N——. Then I heard of how Sandy and she worked for the building of the church.

And I thought of Sandy's position as representative elder, financial secretary, janitor, &c. The people of the neighboring settlement had, moreover, told me that their all had gone into the building of that church and to the support of ordinances there. Many a time she had asked me if I did not think it was a "fine wec church." Thirty years of time in which its welfare was the chief object of her life, tended to give it a large place in her heart.

Auntie is now silent for a time. Her thoughts are back in the earlier days, and she seems to be seeing a long way ahead. Then her eyes fall on the bouquet which she has in her hand, given to her by the children at the church door, and she thinks of the people whom she has just left, whose love she knows she possesses, while she says: "A' body is guid tae me, an' isna it a winner, sic an auld yisless (useless) body as a' am?"

When we at length reach her home she turns to me and says: "Will ye no hae a glass o' mulk th' day?" I had taken a glass from her before, but it was pure cream, and I was unable to drink it. So I say to her: "If you'll skim it, Auntie, I shall be pleased to take it." She fixes her eyes on me, and with as much reproach in her expression as if I had done her mortal injury, she replies: "Div ye think I wud gae th' meenister skem mulk?"

One more picture. It is my last Sunday at the mission. Auntie is sad to-day because I am going away, and next Sabbath, and probably for many lonely ones to come, she will not meet with her neighbors at the church. "Ye maun write tae Sandy. A'm no writer, but Sandy's a guid writer. Sandy's no a talkin' body like me, but Sandy's a guid writer." At her gate I get her last long peculiar handshake, but I do not see her face, for it is turned away. "A' canna look at ye, but a'll see ye oot o' sicht." The horses start on at a rapid pace. Some distance ahead there is a little hill. As I am going over its crest I turn around to get a last look at Auntie. There she stands on the spot where I left her. She is leaning far forward, straining her eyes, which she shades with her hands that she may see me as long as possible. Thus she is seeing me "oot o' sicht," as she has other student missionaries before me.

SOME BRITONS I HAVE SEEN.

There is an atmosphere about a college chapel or convocation hall which is not to be felt in any other place on earth. It is a classic shrine, sacred to the memories of men of intellect of the past whose pictured faces still grace its cold gray walls; sacred to the hopes and tyranny of young life pent up now and again within its precincts in the present; and sacred, too, to the future whose achieve-

ments and unfoldings lie stored away in the brains and ability of the men who will yet walk in its aisles.

In the cathedral-like chapel of the University of Pennsylvania—an institution where nearly three thousand five hundred young men are preparing for the duties of life—I had the privilege of seeing and hearing one of the best known Biblical scholars of the day. If one looks for an imposing presence, if one expects an inspiring style, if one hopes to meet with the bright eye of the fanatic or the enthusiasm of the discoverer, he is bound to be disappointed in Canon Thomas Kelly Cheyne. Small features, short, considerably stooped, not with age, but with the habits and attitude of a sedentary life, hair tinged with gray, full beard and small dark eyes, nervous, quick, and with an air of having a work to do with a desire to do it. Such is something of the appearance and style of the man. The air of Oxford, the very atmosphere of the cloister surrounds his every movement. His reading is close and sing-song, nothing of the splendid rendition of scripture with which our beloved Principal often used to thrill us, none of the sympathy with men which the student always likes to discern in the man who would fit him to meet men in the struggles of life.

His subject he handles with a master's touch. No sign of trepidation, no hesitation, no looking to the right hand or to the left, having laid down his premises he sweeps into martial array column after column of evidence too intricate and too profound for the uninitiated to appreciate or follow. He has no bitter words for opponents, no sarcasm or ridicule for those who differ, the hearer is not allowed a moment to question the assertion, not so much as expected to doubt the absolute correctness of the conclusion. No apologies are made, none are asked.

In the whole series of lectures, which were replete with ancient lore and filled with the most interesting results of investigation and research, the one thing that impressed us, more than even the subject matter of the course, was the immense, yea, almost infinite, power of the pen. There stood the man himself, you would not notice him in a crowd, you would not look back at him on the street, yet in his realm, and amongst thinking men in the church to-day, perhaps no man's name is better known than his, no man's influence more widely felt.

As he closed the last lecture of his series, carrying us through the mazes of the Hebrew Psalter, and calculating within a hair's breadth just the nature of the ancient Hebrew's conception of eternal life and immortality, the one aim he said that he had before him in all his arduous work in delving

into the ruins of ancient Biblical thought was to stimulate on the part of his fellows the careful reverent study of the Truth as it is contained in the word of God. The sincerity of his efforts, not even his most antagonistic hearer could for a moment question. The reverent way in which he dealt with the Word, the spirit of sincerity, and the desire for truth which spoke from every accent, had a marked effect on his bitterest opponents. It would be well if some of his fiery enemies in critical work, and if some of his Christian brethren not so capable of questioning his conclusions, could learn a little of his humble, quiet, reverent, attitude towards truth, fellowmen, and God.

Be it said—and I do not know why it should have been so—the audiences which gathered to hear the distinguished lecturer were most lamentably small, scarcely a hundred people, with a great university and a great city on which to draw. It may be that as a people we do not appreciate the burning need of such work as Canon Cheyne is doing. It may be that as a church we are still in the dark ages not ready to welcome the light. It may be that as the late candidate for the Presidency of the Republic was so fond of saying, that the lecturer found himself "in the enemy's country," but whatever it was, such were the sad facts. Howbeit, we are free to say that we shall long remember the visit of Canon Cheyne to our shores.

W. H. D.

Philadelphia.

THE THIRD BOOK OF THE CHRONICLES.

CHAPTER I.

Now it came to pass in the days of king Gordie, (this is Geordie which reigned over the saints which have their abode in Divinity Hall, and over the wise men, skilled in the Arts, which have their dwelling adjoining thereto, and over the tribes which work among the dead, whose land lieth over against the Skating Rink, and over the astrologers and magicians who inhabit the land round about the Tool House), that in those days Geordie issued a writing and a decree: for he sent letters unto all peoples and nations and languages in all the provinces of his dominion, and in all the regions round about, to all the princes and governors and rulers of the provinces, and the lieutenants and the deputies and officers of the king, that they take heed that they forbid not any man to look upon the wine when it is red, nor to mingle together, strong drink, nor to put the bottle to his neighbor's lips. And it was in the twentieth year of his reign, the twelfth month, the fourth day of the month, that king Geordie published the decree from Summer Hill which is the palace.

And immediately there was no small stir throughout all the land. And there was great joy and gladness among them which walked in the way of the staggerer, and followed after the whiskey flask, and smell of the abominations of the beer barrel, whose signs were a bleared eye and a swollen nose. And the fear of them fell upon those who walked not in their ways, for they said: "Behold! the king is with them, and who may withstand the king." And many of the weaker sort feared greatly, and went back, and walked no more in the ways of the steady head, nor followed after the water cup, but went back, and denied that they were of that way, and lifted up their voices and sware: "Thus saith Geordie."

But it came to pass that there was one among the hosts of the water drinkers who dwelled not in the cities of the provinces of king Geordie, and he was a mighty man of valor, and yet was he more mighty of wind. And he feared not, but spake and said: "Who is this Geordie that I should obey him? I will not obey him, neither will I harken unto his word. Behold, now, shew me this Geordie that I may see him face to face. Yea, choose ye three such men as Geordie and I will overthrow them and utterly destroy them. Am I not a man of war from my youth up? Have I not overthrown the armies of the staggerers, and broken down the walls of those who follow after the whiskey flask, and purged the land of those who smelled of the abominations of the beer barrel? Shew me this Geordie that I may meet him face to face?"

And it came to pass that when Geordie heard thereof, he was exceeding wroth, and said: "Who is this uncircumcised Philistine that he should thus defy the king? Let him come now unto me and I will fight with him; neither shall I fear him, though he speaketh great swelling words and boasteth many things." And one did tell these words unto the mighty man of the water drinkers, and behold he rejoiced thereat, and he came with speed even unto the city of king Geordie. And then did they join battle, even in the chief place of the city. And all the hosts of the staggerers and of the steady heads of that city did behold, and many came from all the region round about. And it was the one-and-twentieth year of the reign of king Geordie, the first month, the seven-and-twentieth day of the month when Geordie did battle against the mighty man of the water drinkers.

And the fight continued two days, and behold it was very sore. And the champion of the water drinkers did throw many darts and smote with his sword. But Geordie was nimble; and some he turned aside with his shield, and some, when they fell behold, he was not there. And his enemy was

greatly enraged thereat, and smote at him with great heat, and took not care, neither did he hit him. But it came to pass that when Geordie did hurl darts he could not avoid them, neither could he turn them aside, for he was not skilled in the use of arms. So Geordie smote him that he fell. Then Geordie ran and took hold of him and did wipe the earth with him, even the water that was on the earth did he wipe up with him. So Geordie prevailed against him.

And there was great sorrow among all the hosts of the steady heads, and among such as followed after the water cup, and they spake of their champion and said: "Behold! he was not a mighty man. He knew not the use of weapons." But the hosts of the staggerers, and all they who follow after the whiskey flask, and they who traffick in strong drink, did greatly rejoice thereat, and cried saying: "Great is king Geordie, for he hath delivered us out of the hands of the enemy, and out of the hands of them that would destroy us." C. C.

A SERIOUS CASE.

THE SAD FATE OF A DELEGATE TO '98 "AT HOME."

I LOVED her then, I love her now,
A maid whose voice, so sweet and low,
Still echoes through my heart and brain.
"You shall be loved by me again."
Those tender eyes, of deepest hue,
As lucid as the morning dew,
Yet thrills me with such warm delight
That all this tiresome world seems bright.
I think those eyes of bluest blue
Said plainly: "I can love but you."
Her spirit mingles with my own,
And I will love her though she frown;
I'll dream of ——— where'er I roam,
And bless the '98 At Home. —A DELEGATE.

ADVICE TO THE FOREGOING.

Fond, foolish youth, do thou beware,
An' save thyself frae muckle care,
Frae anxious thought and heartache sair—
Thou dost na ken
That naething pleases wenches mair
Than foolin' men.

I rede thee, simple lad, tak tent,
The een she sweetly on thee bent
Fu' mony a glance o' love has sent
Tae ither swankies,
An' mony an evenin' she has spent
In sic like pranksies.

The voice that sounds sae soft and low
While honeyed words frae sweet lips flow,
Will ane day harshly tell thee, "Go,"
Wi' 'oot mair warnin',
An' thou wi' heed heng dowie low
Wilt bear it girnin'.

Then dinna be sae dais't wi' love,
Nor think an angel frae above
Wha but a cantrip lass will prove,
Wha' tae thy grief
O' ither birkies has a drove
Under her brief.

—R. B. M.

University News.

ALMA MATER SOCIETY.

AT the regular meeting of January 29th, a communication from University College, Toronto, was referred to the Senior year in Arts. The motion that the A.M.S. pay the deficit from the conversat was carried. Mr. W. B. Munroe then brought in a motion that Messrs. Shortt, Nickle, Farrell, and Cunningham, together with the mover and the seconder, Mr. N. R. Carmichael, be a committee to consider the advisability of incorporation of the society.

A motion was then made authorizing the President to write the editor of the *Mail and Empire*, correcting a statement in that paper with reference to the conduct of the students at the Grant-Lucas debate. This gave rise to a lively discussion as to whether it was the best way of dealing with the matter. Some thought it more expedient to ignore the affair. As the meeting was not unanimous the motion was withdrawn. The meeting was brought to a close by the critic's report.

The regular meeting of the society was held February 5th. The committee to consider the advisability of incorporation reported, advising the incorporation of the society as a society for the mutual benefit of its members. As at present the society has no legal existence and cannot enforce any contract entered into by the athletic committee, the JOURNAL executive, or the society itself. The committee was empowered to take the necessary steps for incorporation.

The secretary was instructed to communicate with the Hon. President requesting him to favor the society by an address in the near future.

Mr. Post of New York then addressed the meeting on Single Tax. The discussion was entered into by Messrs. Marshall, Davis, Nickle, and Shortt. A hearty vote of thanks was tendered Mr. Post for his address, after which the meeting closed.

LEVANA SOCIETY.

The regular meeting of the Levana Society was held on Wednesday, Jan. 26th, in the girls' study. The lady students are grateful to the gentlemen for their generosity in supplying their reading room with literature, although for some unaccountable reason last November's periodicals have not yet been replaced.

As there was no business the programme was at once presented:—Piano solo, Miss Stewart; recitation, Miss McCrae; violin solo, Miss Caldwell; reading, Miss Miller; piano solo, Miss Ryckman; piano solo, Miss Minnes.

Arrangements are being made by the girls for the reservation of a section of the Opera House at the Glee Club concert next Friday night.

Arts College.

Y. M. C. A. NOTES.

ON Jan. 28th Messrs. Fraser and Solandt reported as to the doings at the Brantford convention. Especially did they emphasize that part of the convention which dealt with college work, of which they gave us a full and interesting account.

On Feb. 4th our meeting was lively, interesting and instructive. The paper on "Prayer," the subject for the evening, was given by Mr. Logie Macdonnell, in which he enumerated different objects and methods for prayer, throwing out as he went along many suggestive propositions, which were taken up and dealt with during the discussion of the topic.

Y.M.C.A. CONVENTION, BRANTFORD.

The twenty-eighth annual convention of the Young Men's Christian Association of Ontario and Quebec was held in the city of Brantford Jan. 20th-23rd. Including the ladies present at the convention of the Woman's Auxiliaries, which met at the same place and time, two hundred delegates were assembled. In many ways the convention was one of the most successful that has been held. An excellent programme had been prepared and was very well carried out. The only exception to this was the unavoidable, but none-the-less deeply regretted, absence of Mr. John R. Mott, who had been expected to take a leading part in the work of the convention. By the energetic action of the committee most of the subjects Mr. Mott would have handled were retained on the programme and dealt with principally by Mr. W. B. Millar, of New York.

This convention is of special interest to students, as it is the first at which the work in colleges has received anything like adequate attention. Instead of having only a half hour to themselves, as at some previous conventions, the college men had a whole half day's session in conference, besides part of two of the public sessions. At the college section conference about thirty-five students were present, representing eleven college associations in nine institutions of learning. The first paper was given by Mr. J. E. Hunter, of Albert College, Belleville, on "Bible Study." Mr. Hunter dealt principally with systematic private bible study. In the discussion which followed much stress was laid by all the speakers on the importance of setting apart the first half hour of the day for private Bible study, meditation and prayer. A very practical paper on "Topics" was read by Mr. R. G. Simpson, of Victoria University, emphasizing the necessity of having such topics as would meet the every day needs of students. Mr. H. G. Barrie, of Trinity Medical College, gave a

most excellent paper on "Leaders." He dwelt on the necessity of having leaders whose Christian character was such as to have won the respect of the students. A helpful paper on "Music" was given by Mr. F. W. Anderson, of University College Association. The discussion following these papers was actively engaged in by the students present. A conference on college methods was conducted by Mr. Millar, of New York, in which many useful suggestions were offered.

On Friday afternoon a paper on "Ideal Relationships between City and College Associations" was given by Mr. Fraser, of Queen's, and was followed by a spirited discussion, in which members of both college, and city associations took part. On that evening, at the largest meeting of the convention, the report of the college conference was given and its work brought plainly before the large audience. Again on Sunday evening in Zion church, where the closing meeting of the convention was held, Mr. Millar, of New York, gave an address entirely on college work at home and abroad. These facts, together with the election of a college man to a vice-presidency of the convention, the hearty reception given to the student delegates whenever they took part in the discussions, and the evident desire to get information about college work, all show an increasing interest in this branch of association effort. We trust that the interest will continue to grow.

Among points of interest to be noted were the bible studies, by Rev. Elmore Harris, of Toronto; the address on railroad work, by J. F. Moore, of New York; and on the handling of meetings by Frank Ober, of Chicago. An excellent address on "The Young Men's Christian Association, a Right Hand to the Church," was given by Rev. C. H. Kinball, of Aynher. There were other valuable addresses and papers too numerous to mention.

Of the points on which particular stress was laid we may mention the making of all meetings and services greater sources of spiritual power, the emphasizing of missionary work and personal work, especially in college associations, and greater stress on Bible study. The business committee reported advising the appointment of a travelling secretary for the college, and accepting the resignation of Mr. Cole, the provincial travelling secretary, the resignation to take effect next September.

'98'S AT HOME.

On the afternoon of Feb. 4th there was a hurry-ing to and fro among the members of the senior year in Arts. The happy state of hopeful anticipation was nearing the border-land of pleasurable realization, and during Friday afternoon the final artistic touches were given to Convocation Hall,

and carefully the committee felt the pulse beat of the proposed entertainment for '98's At Home.

When the doors opened at 8 o'clock in the evening, and over one hundred joyous hearts passed within the walls of their beloved Alma Mater, so perfect was the preparation, and so "at home" was everybody, that indeed it might be said, "All went merry as a marriage bell."

The programme was suitable to the occasion, and echoed the spirit which pervaded all. Everybody, glad to meet, joyous and light-hearted; all spirits aglow with the inspiration of college life, and subtly stirred by that peculiar and indefinable affinity which is the admirable and magnetic feature of the *esprit de corps* of Queen's! Add to this all the mysterious halos which gather round the number "98," and you can catch, perhaps, the nature of the spirit which brooded over the senior year's "At Home."

The concert, which was a rich treat, was brought to a fitting close by an overture from the 14th Batt. orchestra, whose sweet strains made the hearts of all beat faster, and all longed to tread the halls in harmony of numbers (which is two), and let the music steal into their ears, while words were breathed forth expressive of the sympathy of hearts which beat as one.

When the promenade was in progress the English class-room door swung open wide, and thence issued forth an inviting aroma which told of dainty things within. Instinctively we entered, and for a moment thought we had been transported to some sunny fairy land, where ice-cream grew in spite of the rays of the summer sun, and sweet delicacies of every kind stole quietly where they might play in epicurean delight upon the palates of the aerial inhabitants.

Our idea of fairyland, however, was somewhat changed by beholding the magnitude of the presiding spirit who bountifully dealt out the delicacies. Still we are yet in doubt, for if it is true, as is said in these later days, that "all the angels have big feet," who can say whether or not that portly figure was a genial city caterer or in very truth some "Epicurus' own son" returned to earth for the occasion. Quickly the time sped on, till at the hour of midnight the mellow rays of the silvery moonlight glistening in purity on the frosty snow enticed the majority to wend their way towards home. A fun-loving number of us still remained to finish this happy evening in devoting a short time to our beloved goddess Terpsichore. So with fantastic touch we while away an hour of fleeting time, and then we, too, left the enchanted halls, thinking many kind things of '98.

YEAR MEETINGS.

'99.

Class of '99 met in the Junior Philosophy room on Tuesday, Feb. 8th.

A communication was read from the year '99 of 'Varsity, thanking '99 of Queen's for their congratulation on their success in football, and sending their congratulations to us for our success. The letter closed with the assurance that '99 was all right, an opinion in which we heartily concurred.

Mr. Miller reported for the athletic committee, to the effect that the football trophy would be placed on exhibition in the college, possibly within a week.

The name of Mr. White was brought before the year. It was decided to leave the discussion of the matter of a class pin till the next meeting.

Mr. Duff then gave a very excellent paper on "Humorists." Mr. Duff's paper was a very comprehensive one, and received much deserved applause.

We congratulate Mr. D. M. Solandt, '99, on his success in the Y.M.C.A. athletic contests. At the last one held he made a record of 6 ft. 2 in. on a fence vault, and 5 ft. 6 in. on a running high jump.

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De Nobis Robilibus.

B-R-K-R to B-r-nd-n—"Where do you live?"
B-r-nd-n—"Brick house on Barrie street, No. 234."

B-r-k-r—"O yes, I know that's near where Miss lives."

McG-l-i-y (in Honor Pol. Econ.)—"What about the *juice* (Jus) publicum, Professor?"

Student (on back bench)—"That's what Geordie's askin' about!"

A new version of an old Latin derivation:—*Lucas*, a non lucendo.

The A.M.S. ought by this time to be well *Post-ed* on the subject of single tax.

Official (at registration booth, to A. J. Mc.)—"Do you wish to register as a student or commercial traveller?"

Alumnus (to P.M.S.)—"Do you sell postcards here?"

P.M.S.—"No, but I can give you one of my own."

Alumnus—"Er—well, I guess I'll take two."

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